

holy mission of men who have enjoyed the priceless teachings that you and I have received in our pilgrimages through this charming mosaic of truth and manly action."

The entertainment that was accorded us at San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and St. Paul by the Nobility of those jurisdictions, will ever be remembered as bright spots in the lives of all who accompanied the Medinah Special. It was remarkable to observe the interest shown by the citizens in general and the entertainment accorded the visiting Nobility was appreciated by all in our party.

The train reached home after completing its journey over the Canadian Pacific on Tuesday, May 21st, one hour and thirty-eight minutes ahead of schedule time, completing the trip long to be remembered by Medinah and her guests.

It was regularly moved and seconded that the foregoing report of the Illustrious Potentate be received, printed and mailed to the membership of Medinah Temple, and that a committee consisting of the Finance Committee be appointed with power to act in case of the recent disaster referred to in his report.

Medinah Temple Pilgrimage

TO

Los Angeles, California

May, 1907



MEDINAH PILGRIMAGE

TO CALIFORNIA

ON May 1, 1907, the Nobles and their ladies met at the Temple, Walton Place and Dearborn Ave., where, through the courtesy of many of our Nobles, and Noble J. W. Benton in particular, they were provided with automobiles (ninety-seven in all), and escorted by Medinah Patrol, headed by a company of mounted police, a civilian band and our Oriental Band, to the Illinois Central Depot, where a private train, consisting of a baggage car, a buffet-smoking car, two dining cars, an observation car and five sleepers, were in readiness to convey the party on their way to the "flower garden of America."

The pilgrimage was accomplished with no incident to mar the pleasure of the Sons of the Desert, and all declared it a most enjoyable journey. We arrived at Los Angeles Monday morning, about nineteen hours behind our schedule time and at once entered into the festivities of six days that had been prepared with such exquisite taste by the various committees who had the arrangements in charge. In passing it is only just that we should give the General Committee, headed by Noble M. H. Flint, their most excellent, painstaking, capable and genial Chairman, assisted by his most worthy colleague, Noble F. A. Hines, endowed with like qualifications, due credit for anticipating our every want. We feel that we voice the sentiment of every one who accompanied us when we say that we do not see how it was accomplished.

Every resident of the city seemed anxious to join in the good work and vie with each other to see who could do the most to make the stay of the visiting Nobles pleasant, enjoyable and instructive. We owe to the citizens of Los Angeles a lasting debt of gratitude for every kindness shown during our stay in that beautiful section of our country.

With a feeling of regret we left Los Angeles Saturday morning, May 11th, at 8.30 on schedule time. Just before leaving we were impressed with a feeling that we should not continue our day's journey further than Santa Barbara, and after some difficulty succeeded in holding our train there after schedule time of leaving, which was 12.05 at noon. In our stead, however, and pulled by the same locomotive that would have borne us on our journey northward, the ill-fated Reading train started on its journey to meet the Black Camel, you all know with what disastrous results—thirty-two killed and as many more seriously injured and dying. On the following day, which was Sunday, Medinah felt that it was only meet to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving for our miraculous deliverance, and extend our heartfelt sympathy to those with whom we had associated but a few hours before, and who were then enjoying their everlasting sleep or occupying a cot in the company's hospital, horribly mangled, bruised and burned. Accordingly, at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, while the train was speeding northward, we assembled in one of our sleepers, where prayer was offered, beautiful songs rendered by the Lexington Quartette, and followed by remarks of the Illustrious Potentate, which in part were as follows:

“The commingling of sunshine and shadow make life. The grave is open by the side of the cradle; the tear sparkles close to the smile. Laughter and moans, the

wedding march and the funeral dirge are the mixed, discordant melody that salutes the ear. It is a strange world, so full of contrasts, so full of hope and despair, with a ceaseless round of the night swallowing the day and the day meeting the night. To-day the sunshine laughs and to-morrow the storm-cloud forms. Now the garden is radiant with bloom, and then the flower-leaves have fallen from their stalks, and the place of former loveliness is as bleak as the stony mountain peak. The morning salutes the circle at the fireside, with every heart throbbing buoyantly and every eye filled with the laughter of joy; the twilight casts its soft shadows upon that circle, broken, and with hearts throbbing like the swinging of leaden weights and eyes dimmed and scorched with tears. The hearts of the Nobility beat heavily to-day as they contemplate the fearful catastrophe of yesterday, and we contemplate the dependent orphan and widow that we are bound to care for and protect.

The temple of our Nobility towers like a mighty mountain above the plain, its mellowing shadow toning the harsh heat that blisters life, the verdure and the flower. Its walls are more beautiful than the polished marble, garnet, bloodstone, turquoise and pearls that make the Taz Mahal of India; and it has been built with the characters and lives of such men as those whose loss we mourn to-day. Every beautiful stone in the structure is a thought, a deed, a life, a human virtue. I have seen this fabric of love and brotherhood—this crystallization of the virtues of the dead and the living—portrayed by the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel, from which the brilliancy of genius flashed like a sun-burst; I have seen the poet's imagery robe it in splendor that was dazzling, and eloquent lips have bathed it in flowery description; but there stood the temple grander than artist or poet or orator, with fertile genius at command, could ever conceive, and it borrows its

strength and impressiveness and beauty partly from the tombs in which sleep the dead. The funeral dirge that will mark the time for the footstep of the corteges that follow these dead to the sepulchre, will mean more to us than the world ever stopped to think. It means in every case that a star has set, that a flower has faded, that the world is poorer and heaven is richer. It might have been an humble life that went out—a little, modest flower that blushed to the world unseen, that had drooped, but it had been nurtured in this temple until all its possibilities were realized and its virtues were conserved to bless not only our Order but mankind. The world does not understand the worth of these lives, as we who associated with them but a few hours before. It does not feel the vacuum that their going out made, as we feel it. And yet there are those to whom the shadows are darker than they are to us. A friend who had buried his wife was awakened in the silent hours of the night by the gentle touch of his three-year-old daughter who said, while the tears rolled down her cheeks: "I want my mamma." Oh, nothing that you or I may say can answer a pleading like that, and over all the world to-day, in palace, in cottage, in hut, in yonder home for the orphan, everywhere the cry comes, "I want my mamma," "I want my papa." From the widow's heart gushes the tears of bereavement. The world is flooded with tears of sorrow and covered with the gloom of wounded, bleeding love. What can we do to assuage the burning anguish? What are we trying to do? As Masons who bend lovingly over the dead, are we listening for the moan that comes pleadingly from the crushed hearts that were dear to our silent Noble? Is there a tear flowing that we cannot dry? Is there a heart aching that we cannot comfort? Is there a hope crushed that we cannot revive? Is there a widow or an orphan to whom we cannot fully reveal the consolation of our Noble Order? The dead are deaf

to our praises, unresponsive to our love, and need not our ministrations. The living need our love and sympathy and aid.

Personally, I feel that a committee should be appointed to determine the condition of the bereaved ones who are afflicted by this dreadful accident and ascertain what, if anything, can be done to relieve their suffering or temporary wants.

If our professions are not less than a hollow mockery; if our appreciation of our own marvelous deliverance and the light and beauty and uplift of our lives that come from our teachings from the fraternity and from the Christian religion, is nearly equal to our claims, our hearts and our hands will go out in loving sympathy and kindly ministrations to the afflicted and bereaved ones of yesterday's accident.

Hearts in countless numbers are drooping in the very darkness of despair, like the beautiful fragrant flower drooping and dying in the dark, damp vault, longing and praying for a kiss of sunbeams; and amidst a boundless sea of professed love for our common humanity, coming from the pulpit, from Congress, from the platform, from the lodge room and from us as individuals, thousands of these poor aching hearts wildly flutter and at last cease their throbbing, uncheered by a kindly word or a fraternal act—wounded and dying on the road to Jericho while the Priest and Levite pass by on the other side. The world with all its mellowing and the development of the sweeter graces of human nature, is calling on us today, louder than ever before in the history of the world, to act the part of the good Samaritan, and forgetting race and religion, forgetting all save the claims of humanity upon us, will stop to bind up the wounds of these our Nobles, who are afflicted, and minister to the wants of those who have fallen by the wayside through the loss of their helpmate; this is the mission, the